

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

UNIV. S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Vol. 53

No.

8

JANUARY, 1921

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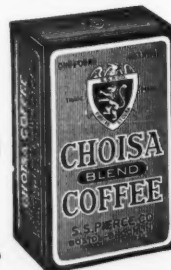
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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the act of March 3, 1879
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1918

Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Vol. 53

January, 1921

No. 8

THE Best and Happiest New Year possible—this we wish for every man, woman, and child who reads these words.

FOR every beast of the field and fowl of the air, for the whole world of animal life about us, we wish a New Year made freer from suffering than the last by reason of a greater justice and a diviner compassion.

IF bull-fights are a mark of national progress, Mexico has evidently been forging ahead of late. Whatever Carranza was, he did not permit these relics of barbarism to disgrace his country.

THE destruction of wild life in Africa, we are told by those who say they know the facts, is going on so rapidly that it will soon mean extermination. Hunters and exterminators have more than once become synonymous terms.

EVERY man found guilty in my court of cruelty to animals must go to jail. I will have no other sentence in my court for that crime."—Judge Ben Lindsey, Denver. There are a few men in Massachusetts who we wish lived in Denver.

ARE men who, like Victor Hugo, in season and out of season, through a long life, oppose capital punishment, lacking in a proper sense of justice? Could any punishment of a murderer meet the demands of perfect justice?

THERE is danger that the American eagle will be exterminated, if we are to believe the reports. It only needs enough men and boys with guns to wipe out of existence this soaring sentinel of the sky as many another form of wild life has been.

DON'T shrink from reading, on page 120, "What I Saw in an Omaha Abattoir." It is horrible, but if the poor animals have to suffer it, you can at least read about it. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not "pleasant reading," but it put the dynamite under slavery.

THE PLACE TO BEGIN

ALMOST anyone could have downed Goliath when he was a boy. Many years passed before the lad Samson could march off with the gates of Gaza. The time to master giants is in the kindergarten. The time to deal with grown men is when they are boys. Begin with the women of tomorrow the day before yesterday. This sort of thing has been said so many times that it seems like folly to repeat it. Yet why don't people act upon it? If you want to hit cruelty its fatal blow, why not hit it when the blow can kill? Why wait till its skull gets so thick that all your blow means is a temporary dizziness?

Cruelty in the heart of the child is often but the outcome of ignorance. Sometimes it's the re-awakening of a long-past savagery when the race was young. Get hold of the child's heart, and you can do almost anything with it you want to. Has the boy been stoning a homeless kitten, or robbing a nest of the eggs over which some mother bird has softly brooded? In five minutes you can make him the kitten's champion and see the tear in his eye as you liken the heart of the bird to the heart of his mother. This is why a dollar's worth of humane education goes farther than a thousand dollars' worth of prosecution and punishment. Still we can only get the few to see this. "Oh, yes, I love animals," forty-nine say, "and here's my money to relieve them from suffering, but I am not really interested in humane education." It's only the one who says, "Let me give toward drying up the dangerous stream of evil at its source ere it has had chance to pollute and poison valley and plain. Let me give toward changing the waters of the fountain when they come up from the deeps so that some day a river of life, strong, sweet, clean, pure, will enrich the earth, from its lowly source even to where it loses itself in the trackless sea."

One kernel of wheat planted, cared for, in a few years will multiply into a storehouse of wheat, or feed an army. You can buy a score of such kernels for a penny. One evil seed buried in the soil in a dozen years can spoil your farm and to root it out means years of hardest work. To punish the man Smith for cruelty to his horse—for one offense—may cost days of some one's time, and then you

have only put your hand on one bad deed of a perverted life. To start the boy Smith on the road to manhood with a heart, kind, just, sensitive to cruelty in every form, costs often but a word, a moment's time, and then you have made the man Smith an impossibility. Of course you must believe in humane education—when you think of it.

SOMETHING NEW

WITH the Presbyterian Church introducing humane education into its work both in this country and in all its foreign mission fields, and with the Eighth Provincial Synod of the Episcopal Church requesting the presiding bishop and council to consider "our humane responsibilities and stewardship," there is hope the Christian church everywhere may yet recognize that the great humane movement that has been growing with the centuries is something more than the manifestation of feeble-minded sentimentalists. Thoughtful men are slowly seeing how vitally related to human character is man's attitude towards the creatures below him. We get away from savagery just in proportion as we get away from cruelty. And we have some distance to go yet.

THE GOOD HUNTER

IS there such a hunter? Evidently there is. Edgar A. Guest knows him, and this is what he heard him say:

"Fact is, there are times that I'd ruther miss
Than to bring 'em down, coz I feel like this—
There's a heap more joy in a living thing
Than a breast crushed in or a broken wing,
An' I can't feel right an' never will
When I look at a bird that I've dared to kill.
Oh, I'm just plumb happy to tramp about
An' follow my dog as he hunts 'em out,
Jus' watchin' him point in his silent way
Where the Bob Whites are an' the partridge stay,
For the joy o' the great outdoors I've had,
So why should I care if my aim is bad?"

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

JACK LONDON CLUB GROWS, MEMBERSHIP NOW 156,628 HAS ATTRACTED ATTENTION IN MANY COUNTRIES

GROWTH of the Club during the last month, 5,092.

THE Jack London Club is doing what it can to prevent cruelty to animals used in making moving pictures.

READ the letter from the executive secretary of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry.

WE give below the reply of Sir Robert Baden-Powell to the suggestion in Mrs. Jack London's letter relative to the Boy Scouts and the trained-animal performance.

IT is hoped all members of the Club, before purchasing tickets at any theater, or place of public amusement where performing animals are ever exhibited, will ask if any such features are on the program, refusing to purchase tickets if the answer is in the affirmative.

When leaving any place because of an animal performance always let the management know why you are leaving or going out during that part of the performance, or write a letter to the management after returning home.

READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Forty-one copies of the book have already been given as prizes; several of these to schools. The volume will be mailed, post free, to any address upon receipt of price, one dollar.

The "Foreword" to Jack London's Book, "Michael Brother of Jerry," Which Led Us a Year and a Half Ago to Found the Jack London Club

We have had many requests to print this in *Our Dumb Animals*. We have it in pamphlet form, published by permission of The Macmillan Company, New York.

If you ever loved a dog, read this "Foreword" from Jack London's "Michael Brother of Jerry." Then read the book.

The book is fascinating, startling, strong.

It deals with a great cruelty. It tells us how we may stop it.

THE JACK LONDON CLUB

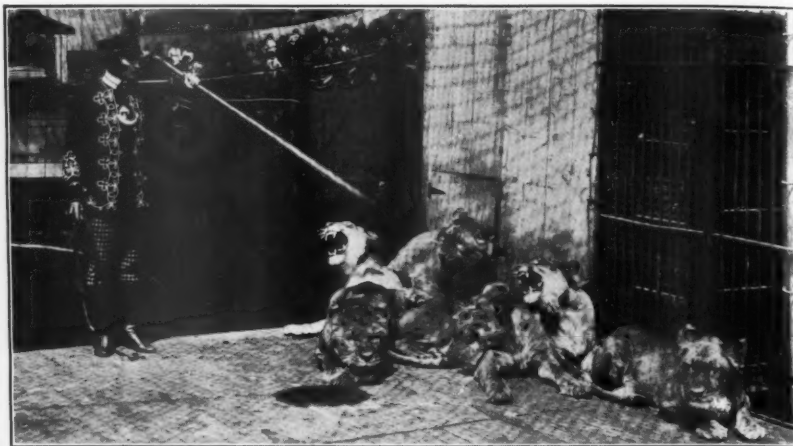
is built on it. Will you join it? No dues. Just send us your name and the names of as many as will agree to do what London suggests in the last paragraph.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS
180 Longwood Avenue
Boston, Mass.

Boy Scouts in England

Dear Dr. Rowley:

Many thanks for your letter of the 29th September, upon receipt of which I wrote at once to Sir Robert Baden-Powell to see whether the idea of making all Boy Scouts members of the Jack London Club would be accepted by him. He writes to say that he is doing everything he can to press forward



"PRINCESS DIXIE," LADY LION TAMER

Courtesy of the Humane Pleader

With the wild animal shows, at the Canadian National Exhibition. Note pistol, prong and whip, by means of which the animals are controlled. Note also the evident "love" of the animals for their trainer

the kindness to animals movement among the Boy Scouts, but he does not think that membership of one should rightly compel membership of the other. I am, however, by other means trying to get the Jack London Club rules adopted by the Boy Scouts, and I hope to be able to write you about this later on.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

E. G. FAIRHOLME, Capt.
Chief Secretary, Royal S. P. C. A.
London, England

Animals and Moving Pictures

Because of numerous complaints of animal acts involving cruelty in the making of moving picture films, we have had no little correspondence with boards of censors and film manufacturers. Now that the abominations connected with the "Rodeo" or "Round-up" have been filmed we have been trying to head off their exhibitions at least here in the East. In reply to a letter we wrote Mr. W. D. McGuire, executive secretary of the National Board of Review, regarding this, he says,

"Please let me emphasize that we are in full sympathy with the aims of your Society, and we are anxious to do everything possible to co-operate. I am sending a memorandum to the members of our committee and to the staff, asking them please to make a special note of items of this character."

We also wrote the executive secretary of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry about this same matter, and this is his reply:

I am in receipt of your letter of November 16 relative to cruelty to animals in motion picture films.

Your question has been considered very seriously by all of our big producing companies and I know that they have issued some very drastic regulations prohibiting the showing of any cruelty to animals in any of their pictures.

I should be very pleased, however, to call

their attention to the remarks contained in your letter, and am sure that all of our producing companies would be only too glad to comply with your request in this matter.

Assuring you that I was very pleased to hear from you on this subject, I remain

Very truly yours,

F. H. ELLIOTT
Executive Secretary

A Triumph of the Jack London Club

At Toronto's recent Canadian National Exhibition there was a midway. Concerning that feature of the Exhibition we take this from the *Toronto Humane Pleader*:

"The midway, as usual, was a chamber of horrors for those who have the interests of animals at heart. Wild West shows, performing lions, overworked monkeys—in fact the whole 'bag of tricks.' Inspector Ballingall's report shows what was the nature of the complaints that existed. 'The bears were badly neglected. I ordered water to be kept in front of them, on receiving their first issue it was hard to keep them back from the pails.'"

"On visiting the Wild West show I had to step into the ring and put a stop to the bucking performance, on account of the rough treatment of the horse being used. When I stopped this show the audience, with the exception of nine people, arose and left the tent. Surely this was a triumph for the Jack London Club. 'Police Constable Dawson witnessed a brutal assault on a baboon—two front teeth were knocked out. Carl Lauther, the owner, was arrested and fined \$15 and costs.' 'In the Wild Animal show I laid the small elephant off, owing to a nasty sore having formed under the jaw. My attention was attracted by the blood issuing from this sore.'"

From the Louisville, Ky., Herald

In a fine article on the Jack London Club this well-known journal says:

"There are perhaps a few humane trainers and exhibitors of animals, but so few that they

may be entirely disregarded. They had much better find an occupation more ennobling, both for themselves and the public. Even if the cruelty could be eliminated, most trained animal shows would still be degrading, because unnatural. Jerome K. Jerome says: 'One of my objections to the performing quadruped is the injury he causes to the human biped. No one but a fool takes any pleasure in seeing a dog dressed up as a policeman, walking on its hind legs. Myself, I would feel just as annoyed with a policeman who had been drilled to walk on all fours and bark at me. No one but a monkey-minded decadent can really enjoy seeing six dismal lions sitting on chairs, while a perspiring, half-dressed woman lashes around and yelps at them. All these shows degrade every human being connected with them.'

"Let's put an end to trained animal shows."

What One Woman Did

"My work among the Fair Commissioners of Georgia along humane lines resulted in the abolition of trained animals from the midway of one of the largest fairs ever given in the State." Thus writes Mrs. Katharine Weathersbee, our humane education worker in Georgia.

From the Manchester, England, *Daily Herald*

Under the heading "Tricks Born of Terror," this paper says, speaking of the work of the Jack London Clubs:

"Dogs will not dive from heights, jump through fire-encircled rings, or do any similar feats unless impelled by fear. An unlimited application of the whip or spiked collar is the groundwork of their education. Many have marveled at the immensely high jumps of Signor Saltimbanco's or Senor Cantanza's 'educated greyhounds,' but everybody does not know that they are able to reach such heights only through the training which they undergo behind the scenes with a long carriage whip. They are put at a jump. As they leap an attendant lashes them under the stomach with a knotted thong. So they come to jump higher and higher.

"Conditions under which performing dogs are kept have frequently aroused protest from stage hands and other music-hall employees. Space behind the stage is limited, and the unfortunate animals, when they are not needed for rehearsals, are kept in their dark, narrow traveling crates, without any proper exercise."

"The New World"

A Thought for the New Year

IN temporary pain

The age is bearing a new breed

Of men and women, patriots of the world

And one another. Boundaries in vain,

Birthrights and countries, would constrain

The old diversity of seed

To be diversity of soul.

O mighty patriots, maintain

Your loyalty!—till flags unfurled

For battle shall arraign

The traitors who unfurled them, shall remain

And shine over an army with no slain,

And men from every nation shall enroll

And women—in the hardihood of peace!

What can my anger do but cease?

Whom shall I fight and who shall be my enemy

When he is I and I am he?

WITTER BYNNER

"Nell," the Horse, Saved by "Nell," the Dog

Remarkable Friendship of the Two Companions at Farm of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

THE sort of friendship that counts was shown by a dog on the company farm of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y., for one of the farm horses. Discovering her chum stalled one night and in danger of strangling to death, the dog

Nell, the dog, exhibited keen delight, frisking about and barking loudly. It was found that she was the only one of four dogs that were all in the stable together at the time, to notice the distress of the horse, and endeavor to bring help.



"NELL," THE DOG, FOREMAN CLINTON AND "NELL," THE HORSE

roused the foreman of the farm and led him to the stable where the horse lay groaning in her stall.

Both animals are named Nell, and they have been pals for many months past. Almost every night Nell, the dog, will watch for the return of Nell, the horse, waiting half the afternoon for the big gray team, of which Nell is one, to come back from work.

One night about ten o'clock, as Jake Clinton, foreman at the farm, was about to retire, he heard a commotion outside the farm-house, which is two or three hundred feet from the stables. Nell, the dog, was barking and howling persistently and kept it up until Clinton went to the porch to see what was wrong.

The moment she saw him, Nell began to bark excitedly, and dashed toward the stables, then back toward the man, then toward the stables again, keeping up her barking all the time. Clinton followed her to the stables and to Nellie's stall.

There he found the mare on her back, her hind legs wedged into the next stall, her halter drawn tight. She was quite helpless, and in a few hours, perhaps less than an hour, she would have been dead.

Clinton hurriedly summoned help from one of the near-by factory buildings and soon had the horse released and on her feet, out of danger. The moment she saw the horse freed,

The dog was picked up a waif by one of the vice-presidents of the General Electric Company, G. E. Emmons, as he returned home late one evening. Nell, then only a pup, was lying among some leaves by the sidewalk. She crawled up to Mr. Emmons and seemed to be anxious to make friends. Mr. Emmons took her into the house and a few days later gave her into the keeping of R. N. Ramsay, gardener in charge of the farm, to be brought up. She was taken to the company farm, and there made the acquaintance of Nell, the horse, whose life she was to save a few months later.

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

IN a recent issue of the *Chicago Herald and Examiner* appeared this touching anecdote:

He was only a mangy, yellow cur, but he was the only friend "Old Bill" Doan, sixty, wanderer of the streets, had in the world. The comrades walked slowly up North Clark Street in the evening.

At Chicago Avenue a taxicab rushed around the corner. The old man paused, confused—the dog leaped against his legs, forcing him back. A fender knocked him down.

"Old Bill" picked himself up. The cur lay dead under the wheels—he had made the supreme sacrifice for his master.

Howell's Eulogy on the Horse and Plea for His Protection

GEORGE FOSTER HOWELL

THE praises of the horse, man's most useful animal, have been sounded in song and story ever since the Middle Ages, and they will continue to be sounded for all time. Up to the advent of the automobile it was the horse who brought forth our daily bread; first by ploughing the ground to receive the grain, then by harvesting it and threshing it, then by hauling the flour to the bakery, and lastly by delivering the loaves at our door.

It was the horse who galloped with the physician to the home where the stork was hovering, thus aiding indirectly our coming into the world. Then, in our boyhood days on the farm, he was our friend and companion, with the dog, in both work and pleasure. He it was, too, that drew the hearse that bore our beloved ones to their last resting-place. Without him, our ships, railroads, bridges, office buildings, churches, warehouses, schools and homes could not have been constructed, as man could not haul the heavy building materials, so the horse is at once man's most useful animal and his benefactor, to whom we owe a lasting debt.

Who has not been thrilled by the sight of the noble animal galloping to the scene of a conflagration? Leaving the engine-house on a fast run he breaks into a gallop, speeding up as though a great prize awaited him at the other end. On, on, he surges; faster, faster he plunges, until at last his gait becomes a mad gallop. This great speed he keeps up, eagerly watched by scores and hundreds of men, women and children, until at last flesh and blood can no longer withstand the strain. Then, if the goal is not reached, he will expend every ounce of strength in his noble body in the slower dragging of the heavy engine, until the scene of the fire has been reached, seeming to realize that upon his speed and endurance depends the saving of valuable property and human life. Then, panting for breath, with nostrils distended and sides heaving, he gets his "wind," while the sweat oozes from every pore and the lather drops from his body. For this splendid duty, while the firemen are well paid in dollars, the fire-horse receives only food, shelter and care.

All that the horse receives for his labor and toil is at best only the food he eats and a place in which to sleep. It is to the shame of man that oftentimes this noble creature does not get half enough to eat, and only a miserable, cold, damp stable in winter, and fly and mosquito-infested shelter in summer, in which to rest, but actually suffers for want of water, simply because of the indolence of his owner or driver. Shame, also, to his owner, that about 300 of his kind are annually tortured to death in American stables by fire, largely because of greed, carelessness or ignorance in not taking ordinary, proper, horse-sense precautions against fire. Let us henceforth see to it that by safeguarding the stable in every known way, this roasting of horses alive be practically prevented.

His master has tortured him also by docking his tail, an operation of the greatest cruelty, to conform to a senseless English fashion, which deprives him of his only means of

protecting himself from insects, and makes his life in summer a constant torment.

He has been forced to engage in furious speed contests, called "the sport of kings," which soon breaks him down and leaves him fitter only for a peddler's wagon. His true friends do not encourage racing, where he is driven at a speed not only not humane but often positively cruel.

The horse has served man in bringing to his door, milk, bread, meat, fish, vegetables, groceries, coal and other necessities and luxuries of life. He has made thousands of men wealthy by his toil and given employment to tens of thousands of drivers, hostlers, horse-shoers, harness makers, wagon builders, etc., while his illness or accidental injury has resulted in a lucrative livelihood for many veterinarians. The mounted police have had in him a good friend and ally in overtaking runaways, in enforcing street ordinances, in dispersing rioters, in catching lawbreakers and criminals, and in protecting pedestrians and children from fast moving vehicles.

In a thousand and one ways the horse has benefitted mankind. Let us then treat him with tender mercy; speak to him as we would speak to a gentleman. In dealing with him let us put ourselves in his place, let us ever remember that we can speak of our pain, but he can make no audible sound when struck or otherwise abused, and because of this inability to cry out—the dog can yelp and howl and the pig can squeal—the horse is the most abused of all the domestic animals. His tender mouth is often made sore, and even lacerated by cruel men and boys who jerk, seesaw and "yank" the reins. Let us practise the Golden Rule in our dealings with the horse. The least we can do for him is to give him ample and good food, proper shelter and kindly care. Because he has done so much for mankind, let us crown him king of the domestic animals.

For one week imagine yourself to be a horse, and we know that you will agree with us that the horse is living in a very hard and unkind world. We earnestly urge his friends to make a mental vow to do everything in their power to make the life of our splendid, faithful, four-footed servitor one of reasonable happiness. The horse frequently endures hunger, thirst, weariness, distress, suffering and pain, due to the conduct of his owner or driver. Let us begin our good resolutions to aid the horse today.

If we act upon this appeal, urgently and earnestly made, the horse would, if he could, rise up and call us blessed. The world would be a better place for both man and beast if we all would resolve to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. So may it be. That is the way Henry Bergh and Geo. T. Angell felt when they brought into existence their respective societies for the protection of animals from cruelty. The animal world is infinitely happier because these great American humanitarians lived and had their being. Their names are worthy to be written in letters of gold across the sky.



ONE OF THE FAITHFUL

"HORSE HEAVEN"

DAVID WHARTON

WHY do so many people say, when a faithful, hard-working horse dies, "He was a good old horse, and I suppose he has gone to 'horse heaven'?"

When he was alive he didn't live on a "horse earth," did he? No, he lived in a world created by God for all of his creatures; he shared the good and bad. Why, then, should there be a separate place of abode for him hereafter? Our Heavenly Father has made no distinction in this world. Horses are born, they live and die the same as humans. Horses not only earn their own daily food (alas! too often inadequate) by the sweat of their poor bodies, but one horse often earns a living for a whole family, and many, many times gets only neglect and abuse in return.

Let us cease this talk of "horse heaven" and other animals' heaven. The great Father loves all of His creatures, and they all have a right to be in the presence of their Creator, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

HURRAH FOR JUDGE RUSH!

MARCHING down the highway recently, high-booted and spurred, topped with a broad sombrero, came John Grand, cowboy, bound for the county jail to serve an imposed sentence for cruelty to dumb animals.

Grand's inhuman treatment of a horse brought forth the wrath of Judge Rush at Tulare, California, and as punishment for the offense committed, Grand was given the option of serving a ten-day sentence in the county jail, provided he walked from Tulare to Visalia, a distance of twelve miles, or thirty days should he elect to ride to the county bastille, says *Our Animals*.

Grand chose to hoof it with a constable trailing on behind in his "Lizzie" to see that the cowboy did not violate the court's order.

On reaching the jail Grand wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a large bandana handkerchief and asked for immediate location that he might get off his topped boots with high heels, complaining of extremely sore feet from his trip.

Remember the Mass. S. P. C. A. in your will

CHARITY, PLEASE—FOR ALL WHO
SUFFER

MARY WHEDON BANDY

CHARITY, please for those who suffer; I
Am working for the Lord." She bowed her
head

In reverence. Tender eyes, blue as God's sky,
Smiled into mine. I said:—

"Through all the summer days you gaily wore
A cape of fur upon your shoulders bare,
A garment that some ruthless hunter tore
From some poor creature in the Master's care;
For, "not a sparrow falleth" but He knows,
And not a beating heart upon the globe
But He hath sheltered from the winter snows
And given comfort in its furry robe.

"Charity, please, for those who suffer"; I
Am pleading for your aid; give if you can;
I would not see one living creature die
To make me fairer in the sight of man.
My gentle lady, you are passing fair,
But all your subtlety and arts are vain,
Upon your brow, beneath your golden hair,
I see with eyes of soul, the brand of Cain.

ANIMALS, like ourselves, can only discharge their functions while they are in a healthy condition, and while they can enjoy as well as labor. When taxed beyond their natural powers, and exposed to frequent or continued ill-usage, their spirits droop, they visibly decline in strength, and drag on to its close a miserable existence. And can anything be more contemptibly mean than the cruelty thus exercised? It is the strong taking advantage of the weak.

REV. JOHN STYLES, D.D.

Fur and the Steel Trap

What the Women Say

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR

I LOOK up from the subtly-alluring fashion "ad," where thickly sprinkled are pleasantly descriptive words and phrases.

"Absolutely correct," "regal," "wonderful," "stunning," "chic," "perfect"—

But a few are these of the many terms. What can it be that seems so indispensable to the dress of the up-to-date woman?

The answer is in one little word of one little syllable—FUR. In our own country last year \$300,000,000 was spent for fur.

Not only are the skins of animals sought in the spreading plains, whispering river byways and "deep still forests" of our own land, but in Canadian wilds, repellent coasts of Labrador, glittering ice-bound Arctic rookeries, joyless Siberian solitudes, and mysterious isles outspread on ocean's bosom like a necklace. In all these and many more, the four great fur-houses of the world are seeking, stimulated by the "jingling of the guinea."

Ah, so great a traffic for what is represented by so small a word!

Not only husky men and grizzled trappers are engaged in this, but young boys but a few years beyond the cradle are placing traps, and gaining trapping secrets, yet losing that reverence for life, that finest attribute of character—the sensibility to injustice and suffering.

Back of all this, back of the busy fur-factory, the softly-lighted, thickly-carpeted fur shop, are the weapons and the fighting, but the spoils are seen by all.

Women on drab city street and remote rural "four-corners" are wearing fur; women on

jostling, automobile-lined avenue; women at the opera, mothers' meeting, the club, the theater; yes, in the pew around which are pulsating harmonies of mercy and love, and prayers for divine compassion.

From cheap, single-skin "choker" and small animal scarf to the expensive tail-and-claw-trimmed dolman, frock-enveloping coat, sweeping stole and generously-encircling cape, women's furs are holding sway.

Are women largely responsible for this immense traffic in trapped furs and for what is back of it all in the torture of the steel trap?

If responsible, do they realize it?

If they realize it, do they care?

The trapper had given me his word: "It's the women that are back of all this. They create the demand and we must supply it."

I had received the statement in personal letters from large mercantile houses: "From ninety to ninety-five per cent of our fur-garment business is to women." "Our comparative sales last year were twenty times more women's furs sold than men's."

But to discover the standpoint of women themselves—that was my task. A difficult task, indeed, for is not the matter of dress the one subject upon which women most resent interference?

I wrote many letters with prepaid replies; I visited hurrying town, quiet country farm, and busy fur-department of city store. I talked with women of many conditions of life.

With the exception of a country grocer's wife who failed to reply, and a farmer's wife who laughed me in the face as if the matter were a huge joke, I received delightful courtesy and responsive replies.

"I don't think women take the initiative in wearing furs," said a saleswoman of some years' experience, "because"—she paused for a reply—"it is the manufacturers"—she burst out suddenly with a bright smile. "I don't consider that women create the demand. They simply respond by purchasing what the manufacturer places upon the market. But I just couldn't get along without my muff," she concluded, laughingly. "Anything but that."

I visited a fashionable little town and interviewed a woman whose name was a synonym for style and up-to-dateness in dress—a decided "belle" of fashion. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, wrinkling her forehead in a becoming little frown, "women aren't to blame for the trapping, are they? I wear furs, but I don't like to. Oh, no," she added, "it isn't because of the pain caused to the animal; I never think of that, but I'm so apt to take cold in my throat after wearing furs, especially in summer. Among my furs is a lovely fox-fur," she continued. "It was killed especially for me by a friend."

Later in the conversation she remarked, seriously, "I believe if this subject were agitated, it would bring a change in these things. I used to wear birds. I would see mention of its cruelty in papers and magazines. My attention was attracted. I would never wear them now. I believe popular sentiment can be created in this matter largely through the press."

(Continued on page 128)



SCENE AT THE MASS. S. P. C. A. FAIR

Photo from Boston Post

Miss Pauline Vigneau, and doll which brought \$50; Mrs. Elbert Clarke, assistant chairman; Mrs. W. J. McDonald, chairman; with pony that was given to be sold for the Fair

Our Dumb Animals Startling Conditions at an Abattoir in Omaha

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JANUARY, 1921

FOR TERMS see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

STARVING—FREEZING

FEW of us think, as the storms of winter sweep around our dwellings and the snow piles up in our city streets, of what these freezing winds and deepening snows are meaning to tens of thousands of cattle and sheep on our western ranches. What they have meant the sunny days of another spring will reveal when all that is left of these poor creatures lies mouldering on the plains. Who shall estimate the volume of anguished suffering endured by these starving animals! Is it mounting up to heaven like some awful witness some day to confront and doom those who have been responsible for it, or, knowing of it, have refused to do aught to prevent it? Everything the American Red Star Animal Relief and other agencies have been doing to lessen this yearly toll of pain and death that winter has taken from our flocks and herds deserves the heartiest approval and aid of men and women everywhere. These lines by J. Campbell Cory paint the picture in none too startling colors:—

*Just across the western skyline, where the summer tourists go,
Are a hundred thousand cattle, that are starving in the snow.
They are dying there of hunger, for there's not a blade of grass,
Where the range is deeply snowbound o'er the summit of the pass.
There many bones will whiten 'neath next summer's scorching sun,
As reminders to the cowman of the things he might have done.*

"A REFORMED TRAPPER"

SIGNING himself as such, in a letter to the *New York Herald and Sun*, Edward Breck, Lieut.-Commander, U. S. N. R., says, regarding the cruelty of the steel trap:

"If the deadfall or the stop thief or some other variety of trap that kills at once were the only legal ones, there would be somewhat less fur marketed, but from that very fact the price would be higher, and above all for true sportsmen, the hideous disgrace of allowing the use of the terrible torturing steel trap would be done away with. That this blot still stains our boasted civilization comes of course primarily from the total ignorance of the public, which does not know that four-fifths of all trapped animals are tortured to death."

What I Saw in a South Omaha Abattoir, Monday, October 25, 1920

[NOTE:—With the exception of the first two paragraphs, which are quoted from the part of Dr. Rowley's remarks printed in last month's issue, the following is the balance of his address, at the Annual Convention of the American Humane Association, Omaha, Nebraska, October 28, and gives the story of a visit to one of the great abattoirs.]

ACCORDING to the Government reports for 1919, there were killed for food in the United States during those twelve months, in round numbers, besides a quarter of a million goats, 9,000,000 calves, 13,500,000 cattle, 16,500,000 sheep and lambs, and 71,000,000 swine; a total of something over 110,000,000. A hundred and ten millions! What does that mean to us? How many stars did you ever see with your unaided eye on the clearest night? Never more than three thousand. Who can think in millions? Put these animals in line according to their average length, allow six inches only between them as they wind on day and night, summer and winter, to the blood-stained shambles. How long a line would you have? Would it reach from New York to San Francisco? Would it cover a trail twice as far, from Alaska to Maine? That line would reach seven and one-half times around the globe. Think of it! Follow it in imagination. Dream of it. Who is responsible for it? You and I and every other eater of meat. I am not speaking from the point of view of a vegetarian. It's the cruelty that concerns me now.

How are these animals killed? With the exception of the 13,500,000 of large beef animals, which are generally knocked in the head before their throats are cut, except where the Jewish method prevails, and part of the 9,000,000 calves, all the 16,500,000 sheep and lambs, and all the 71,000,000 swine, nearly all this line reaching seven and one-half times around the globe, driven, hurried, prodded, frightened on their way to their sad doom, are jerked up by a hind ankle, and, so suspended, their throats are cut and they are left to bleed to death. How long does consciousness persist after the knife thrust? From one and one-half to three and one-half minutes. The things I am to tell you today about the way these animals are killed are not founded upon what I have read, but only upon what I have seen.

I have been through the abattoirs of Chicago and many of those across the water. Fearing that I might do an injustice to the slaughtering institutions of this city, which I had never visited, I spent last Monday at one of the great abattoirs in South Omaha. I thought I knew something of the brutality that was possible in the destruction of animals killed for food, but I saw there deeds of savage cruelty that surpass anything I had witnessed either in this country or in Europe, and that burned themselves so deeply into my memory that I can never forget them were I to live a thousand years.

Let me tell you how they did it in this slaughter-house while I was present. One does not see these things, I imagine, as a rule, when personally conducted. My clothes and my shoes stained with blood would have convinced you that I did not spare myself. I am quite certain they did not take you where I went when you accepted their invi-

tation to visit the Stock-yards and be the guests of the Corporation at lunch.

You will gain some idea of the vastness of this problem when you know that on Monday and Tuesday of this week during the first two days of this Convention, eighty thousand cattle, sheep, and swine came into the South Omaha yards. Painful and pitiful as the picture may be, you must let me describe it as well as I can.

Look yonder into this room, half as large possibly as this hall. There are perhaps fifty or more cattle standing there waiting their turn to die. As fast as they will pass into the slaughter pen, others will take their places. Water is falling in a fine spray over them from pipes attached to the ceiling. I said to the man who was taking me about, "It isn't hot enough today to spray these animals." I marveled at the kindness that had suggested this cooling process for days of excessive heat, and wondered if it had sprung from compassion, or from the purpose to benefit, in some way, the flesh of the victims whose excited and fevered condition in these last moments might injure the meat for food.

"Oh," he said, "We don't spray them to get them cool, but the hair is so thick that unless we wet it down it is such a poor conductor for our electric punches that they don't get enough of the shock."

Opening from this pen is a door through which may be hurried a certain number of animals into a passage-way perhaps six feet wide and sixty feet long. These figures are only approximations. When the passage or alley-way is full, there are doors that are dropped which divide it into compartments, each containing four cattle. These doors are lifted as the animals are rushed out of the spraying room of which I have spoken. How are they started into the death chamber? By an electric prod that is sufficiently powerful and terrifying to hurry them in at the speed of a dead run. All the way down the line at every few feet stands a man with one of these prods who shoves it onto them, hustling them along as fast as their legs can carry them.

"How powerful is the shock of this electric prod?" I asked.

"Put it on a bull's neck in the right place, and it will knock him to the ground," said one of the men. "The thinner animals, that is, those poor in flesh, are often knocked down when it touches them." This is what I was told by one of the men who was using the prod, and he was not contradicted by two others who heard him.

When the space is filled, the doors are dropped. The animals while I was there were often so large it was almost impossible to get four inside a compartment. A man who stood next to me must have been at least forty seconds trying to get one big steer under the door so it could shut down. At first I thought he would not succeed. The steer could not make room for himself. The prod was held against him, however, until he bellowed and screamed—that is the only word by which I can describe the noise—as if in torment. At last, tortured by the continuous shock, he

(Continued on page 123)



Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	660
Animals examined	3,983
Number of prosecutions	17
Number of convictions	13
Horses taken from work	91
Horses humanely destroyed	126
Small animals humanely destroyed	304

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined	67,956
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	212

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$6,220.59 from Isidor Tippmann of San Diego, California; \$300 (additional) from Mrs. Fanny D. Shoemaker of Topsfield; \$200 from Mary A. A. Everett of Boston; \$100 (additional) from Abby M. Field of Brookline; \$25 (additional) from the Estate of Col. F. S. Richardson of North Adams; and \$17.29 (additional) from Mrs. Elizabeth M. French of Brookline.

The Society has received gifts of \$200 from the Newburyport S. P. C. A.; \$35 for the endowment of a free dog kennel for one year from Mrs. N. H.; \$25 each from Mr. B. A.; Mr. C. G. S.; and, "in memory of Cutie," Miss M. C. B.; \$21.08 from a fair held by several children; and \$20 from Miss M. J.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$245.14 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature; \$100 from two New York friends for special work; \$100 from Hon. C. A. B.; \$96.47 from the South Bend, Indiana, Humane Society; \$60 from a Rhode Island friend; \$50 from Mme. C. for foreign work; \$40 from Mr. A. A. L.; \$18.35 from Mr. J. A. F.; and \$183.33, interest.

December 14, 1920.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S. *Chief Veterinarian*
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D. *Resident Assistant*
WM. M. EVANS, D.V.S. *Resident Assistant*
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.
HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	342	Cases	496
Dogs	231	Dogs	322
Cats	73	Cats	161
Horses	31	Horses	8
Birds	6	Birds	5
Cow	1		
Operations	273		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1 '15, 20,202			
Free Dispensary cases		23,777	
Total		43,979	

HOSPITALITY DAY AND FAIR

TUESDAY, November 30, was an eventful day for the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., when many hundreds of visitors came to the Society's headquarters at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, to attend the Fair given by the ladies and to inspect the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Considering the short time in which the preparations were made, and the comparatively late announcement of the date the Fair was to be held, the event was successful beyond expectation. The net proceeds are about \$3,000. The Fair being held in the Society's building, there were practically no expenses to be deducted.

The Society is greatly indebted to the very active and competent committees who had the affair in charge, and would also express its gratitude to the many friends everywhere (some outside of the state) whose generous gifts of articles or money helped to swell the receipts. We have tried to send written acknowledgment to all contributors, but if any were inadvertently overlooked we trust they will accept this public recognition.

Friends of the Society will be pleased to learn that the committee, who were so successful with the Fair this season, will organize as a permanent committee and begin early to work for a bigger and better Fair to be held in the fall of 1921.

HORSES' CHRISTMAS TREE

ALTHOUGH this issue may not reach some of our readers till after Christmas, we wish to advise them that, as in several years past, the Horses' Christmas Tree will be given by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in Post Office Square, Boston, on the day before Christmas. The expenses of this annual treat for the work-horses and their drivers are considerable, and should be met by funds given for this special object. Friends who wish to send gifts, however small, may be sure their money will be used for this purpose, though it may not reach us till after Christmas.

A CALL FOR HELP

ONE of the oldest societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Germany, the Verein z. Schutze d. Thiere at Frankfort, is greatly in need of funds to continue the excellent work that it has done in the past. Its members, patrons and friends have supported it unstintingly in the nearly eighty years of its existence, but the long and disastrous war has effected conditions that make its supporters no longer able to provide for the Society's most essential needs. For many months expenditures have far exceeded the income. Contributions and donations have by necessity grown smaller and are now utterly inadequate to alleviate the unspeakably sad conditions which prevail. The Society appeals for financial aid to maintain its shelter home and especially to meet the high cost of forage. Brutalization and roughness are spreading, and efforts to prevent them are almost at an end through the lack of funds.

There are undoubtedly those in America able and willing to respond generously and quickly to this earnest and urgent call for help. The humane and beneficial work of this old and worthy Society ought not to stop. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will promptly acknowledge and forward all contributions of money received for the Society at Frankfort, Germany.

MAINE STATE S. P. A.

FROM William J. Dyer, secretary and agent of the Maine State Society for the Protection of Animals, with headquarters at Portland, we learn that this active organization has 103 agents, scattered throughout every county in Maine. An example of their efficiency is shown in the report of the agent in Dover, who humanely destroyed twenty-two horses in that vicinity in four months. In the last six months, 309 cases were investigated by the agent in Bangor, who made four prosecutions, with four convictions. Agents of the Society visited 26 fairs throughout the state, where they prevented cruelty in the pulling contests.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

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Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
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Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

AS IT SHOULD BE

THE Union Stock-yards at Toronto, Canada, put our American stock-yards to shame by the following notice which they keep prominently posted:

"That on and after Tuesday, May 25th, 1920, all calves entering the Union Stock-yards will be inspected; immature calves or calves under three weeks of age will be condemned. A permit must be received from the Office of Live Stock Branch, Department of Agriculture, before such calves can be removed from the Stock-yards."

We kill and eat these little things in this country in many cases before they are three days old.



PART OF EXHIBIT OF MASS. S. P. C. A., H. F. LEWTH OF CHARLESTON, S. C., IN CHARGE, AT OMAHA CONVENTION

A LETTER FROM DAMASCUS

OUR representative, Toufik Chamie, in that ancient city of Damascus, writes us:

"I should be very glad to send an article for *Our Dumb Animals*, but as I am not strong enough in English, I beg your pardon and can only give you some idea about the animals in Syria. We have the famous Arab horse for riding, and the common horse for drawing; we have also the mule, the donkey, and the oxen, and we have, too, the camel, which is very used for carrying loads in the deserts, the railways and roads being very scarce in the country. The people are not cruel to animals, as Islam, which is the religion of the majority, prevents cruelty to animals; it is stated in the speech of their Prophet that a woman was condemned to hell because of a cat she imprisoned and left to die without food. However, we are still in great need of learning how to treat animals, and I hope the time will come soon to form a society for the help of animals connected with your honorable Society. I think this idea should be first introduced through young men in schools by the help of professors and teachers. The newspapers also are of great effect in the matter, but, unfortunately, very few of them are interested in this subject."

WITH the Boy Scouts magazine and the officials of the movement out against the cruelties of trapping, it seems strange to read in the *Youth's Companion* such an article as the one appearing October 14, entitled "Profitable Trapping." Here's a sentence from it: Use the "new 'high-grip' styles" of traps, "with double jaws or a triple clutch" which "catch high up and do not break the bone." That is, they grip too much of the flesh for that, and the poor victim can't gnaw or wrench himself free.

WATCH YOUR FILMS

AMONG all the businesses of the country, moving pictures rank second in revenue. Among all the education plants of the country, moving picture theaters are to be counted, and their influence measured. Schools and churches have installed machines, and the business, great as it is, is growing.

It behooves parents and teachers to know what lessons the films are teaching, lessons that reach both old and young. Are they lessons in kindness or cruelty? Lessons in peace or violence? Is their humor good humor or mean jokes and horse-play? Eternal vigilance is the price of safety.

More than 80 per cent of the moving pictures of the United States are made in California. Therefore California may be said to be an educational center of national importance. It is encouraging to note the rising demand for high-class films, and the effort on the part of the makers to meet the demand. But people should be awake to the dangers of many pictures now being thrown on the screen, and the dangers of the glaring posters at the doors of theaters.

Standing in front of a theater poster, an eight-year-old boy was overheard saying to his small companion, "That's the way to hold your gun, Jimmy, when you want to kill anybody."

THE husband, who had a great habit of teasing his wife, was out driving in the country with her, when they met a farmer driving a span of mules. Just as they were about to pass the farmer's rig the mules turned their heads toward the auto and brayed vociferously.

Turning to his wife, the husband cuttingly remarked, "Relatives of yours, I suppose?" "Yes," said his wife sweetly, "by marriage."

WHAT I SAW IN OMAHA

(Continued from page 120)

rammed his way in far enough by jamming the other three until one of them was nearly crushed double; then the door fell behind him.

I had seen these prods in Chicago. There they did not seem to affect the cattle by any means as seriously, and I am told there the men sometimes use them on each other in sport. Nothing could make me believe, however, no matter how the current may have been reduced since then, that, on the day of which I have been speaking, the shock was not a violent and torturing one. Animals do not cry out with such sounds as I can still hear ringing in my ears, from a slight prick of an electric wire.

I had supposed these animals were to be stunned with some degree of humaneness. I had seen them in Chicago where they came one by one, so that, with little room to move their heads, the man standing by the animal had a pretty fair chance to strike the one blow that generally dropped them to the floor.

But mark the situation here. Four animals are standing in one of these compartments with their heads in various positions relative to the man with the poleax, who is on a platform raised a little above them. He is now about to give the so-called stunning blows. He watches his chance for a head sufficiently at rest to strike it. He chooses a head. (I am describing carefully what I saw, nothing else.) He strikes one blow. It is not in the right spot. It is just above the eye. The steer does not fall. He strikes again. This time the victim goes to his knees, but recovers himself and turns his head out of reach of the poleax. Unable to finish with this steer, the man strikes at another. Two blows send him to the floor. By this time the first one has moved back within reach. Another blow, and he drops, rises again, and finally the fourth blow sends him down. There are two left whose heads have not yet been near enough to warrant an attempt at hitting them. With their two fellows down, but struggling in their death agony, one of these at last looks up into our very faces, and then with a crash the iron descends, and he lies prone with the other two. The fourth steer is felled, but only after being struck twice, once too low down, and once in the fatal center between the eyes. Of the four, one went down with one blow of the poleax, two with two blows, and one with four.*

Must we call this killing? It seemed more like murder, and murder with utter indifference to the suffering of those slain. It was simply pounding the life out of creatures, helpless, penned in, and wholly unable to make the slightest effort in self-defense. That such savagery of cruelty could be a daily affair in the life of a civilized people, I could not have believed, had I not seen it. The caveman could not have been more barbarous, more primitive in his methods of slaughter. I was powerless; I had no authority in Nebraska; and I was not there save to see and report.

Behind me in the other compartments where the poor cattle were being knocked down the same method was being followed. How many blows each received I cannot tell. It may have been less; it may have been more.

That such conditions prevail every day, I cannot say, of course. The man with the



Photo by Ethel Dismukes

Courtesy of Photo-Era

WAITING FOR THE MASTER

poleax, by whose side I stood, may have had an "off day." He may have been a new man. Nothing would indicate either supposition so far as I could learn from him. He said nothing in the way of apology for his failures to kill with a single blow, and, what is more, I did not see how a man, leaning over four cattle free to move their heads as these were, could be sure of his blow more than about once in three times.

I had seen enough of this sickening attempt at stunning. I retraced my steps down the line and out onto the small platform from which I could watch these dying animals as they slid out onto the slaughtering floor, when the doors at the side of the compartments were lifted. They were still kicking, struggling, some of them violently. I am perfectly willing to admit that with the most of them it was the spasmodic muscular contractions of an unconscious and dying life. But one steer was pawing and kicking so vigorously that I expected him to get up on his feet at any moment. I took out my watch, and between the time I first observed him, as his supposedly unconscious body landed from the compartment onto the floor where the animals are pulled up by the hind legs to have their throats cut, and the time when his struggles had sufficiently subsided so that anyone dared go near enough his heels to fasten the chain about his legs, it was nine and a half minutes. One of the employees told me—this I am only quoting—that there were times when they had to send to the platform above for one of the poleax men to come and knock some steer in the head again, lest he get upon his feet and become uncontrollable.

I thought, when visiting the slaughter pens in Cuba some years ago where they practise the nape stab, that is, drive a two-edged knife into the neck behind the horns and directly over the termination of the spinal column, that that was the most horrible thing in the way of killing cattle I should ever see, for while the nape stab destroys the power of motion, it does not destroy consciousness, but the horrors of this abattoir in South Omaha surpassed even the tortures of Havana's merciless shambles.

The address closed with an appeal for legislation that should compel the humane stunning or rendering unconscious by some humane

device, of all our food animals, and urged upon the American Humane Association to organize the various humane societies of the country into an aggressive campaign against these cruelties.

POWERFUL PUBLICITY

A VIGOROUS editorial crusade against the steel trap has been made recently by the *News and Courier* of Charleston, S. C. Ignorance cannot be pleaded hereafter in extenuation of the steel trap in South Carolina. "The question is," says this influential paper, "will there be a real effort next January to get the Legislature to abolish these abominable contrivances which are a disgrace not only to the people who use them, but to the people who allow them to be used."

CONTRAST!

VIRGINIA W. SARGENT

OCTOBER woods were blazing yesterday,
And I was in them tasting of their feast
Of leaves all red and gold, of asters bright,
Of blue, blue skies with white-fleeced clouds,
Of softly purling streams, and flitting shy wood folk.

The hush of Sabbath peace was on the air,
As nature filled with joy praised her Lord;—
I praised Him, too.

But just this morning all these scenes were changed;

Once more I trod the dusty city streets,
And in the market space my heart went sick
At sight of wagon load of calves and sheep
Dragged one by one in piteous wonderment
Into the narrow pen that spelled a later death
Mid frightened cries and crimson flood;
Of guinea-pigs and rabbits all unmindful of their fates

Behind closed doors, in laboratories dim,
The din of men's loud talk, of plaintive bleats and lows,

Of squawking fowls in crowded coops by rough hands jerked about,
Harsh grated on my ear and made me pray,
"O Lord, speed on the day when men shall do Thy Will,

In mercy spare, and live in harmony with all Thy works—
Let all be glad!"

*Some of these animals I saw killed were large cows fattened for beef.

DON'T SHOOT

*DON'T shoot! Consider this one fact,
The lack of manhood in the act;
How could a creature of your size
Take aim at any bird that flies?
We are so helpless and so small!
The very tiniest boy is tall
Compared with us. Put down your gun
And seek some manlier kind of fun.*

*Don't shoot! Out there in tree and glade,
In pretty nests that we have made,
Our hungry little birdlings wait.
Ah, think of their unhappy fate
If we came not at set of sun.
Put down your gun, put down your gun.*

*Don't shoot! But leave us free of wing
To build and nest and soar and sing.
We ask so little, just to live—
And for that privilege we give
Our souls in song, till life is done.*

*Don't shoot! Earth has enough of joy,
Of space, and food, for bird and boy;
Enough for both of light and sun.
Put down your gun, put down your gun.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

A VICTIM OF AN AIR-GUN PELLET

EARLY one morning, last July, I was returning home through the streets of Washington when, upon passing along a connecting alley, I caught sight of a dead nestling robin, lying directly in my path, writes R. W. Shufeldt, M. D., of Washington, D. C., in *The Guide to Nature* for October. Picking it up, I found it had met its death only a very short time before, as its body was still warm and perfectly limp. I soon discovered that it had met its fate at the hands of some boy, who had shot at it with his air-gun, the pellet entering at the little victim's back and causing its instant death. Apparently, the boy had not the slightest use for the specimen, or he would not have left it there—in other words, the taking of the life of this young robin amounted to nothing less than a piece of wanton viciousness, as in all such cases, and the perpetrator should at least be instructed as to the nature of the crime committed.

Our robin is one of the most charming of all our songsters; and had this little murdered one not met with the untimely death that it did, it is quite possible that it might, through mating, have become the head of a line of hundreds of robins, these stocking our meadows, woods and fields for ages to come. There is nothing more charming in all the world than to listen to the lovely notes of the robin after a shower, on an early spring evening, and in hundreds upon hundreds of instances those notes have had a most beneficial influence upon the minds of the ones who have attentively given ear to them. That infamous little leaden pellet was responsible for the silencing of a great volume of such song in the years to come and, from another point of view, responsible for destroying a host of future enemies of all those insects that help ruin many of our wild flowers, garden vegetables, shrubs and trees—by which is meant the descendants of this robin and the mate it would have chosen. To be sure, robins do not live entirely upon insect pests, as they are very fond of cherries, pokeberries, and similar kinds of fruit; they also love angling-worms. But in addition to these items of diet, they help to check the dangerous multiplying of insects that militate against the economic interests of man.

There are many sides from which we may consider the killing of a young robin or any other kind of young bird for the matter of that, and the consequences cannot be too often brought before the boys of the present generation. As a rule, boys take kindly to such instruction, and in the long run the best-minded of them—if they ever were young bird killers—give up the practice entirely, and are quite content to turn to other objects for their targets. On the other hand, the sniping of helpless little birds has nothing to recommend it; besides it is cowardly and cruel, and no manly boy aims to be anything of the kind.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

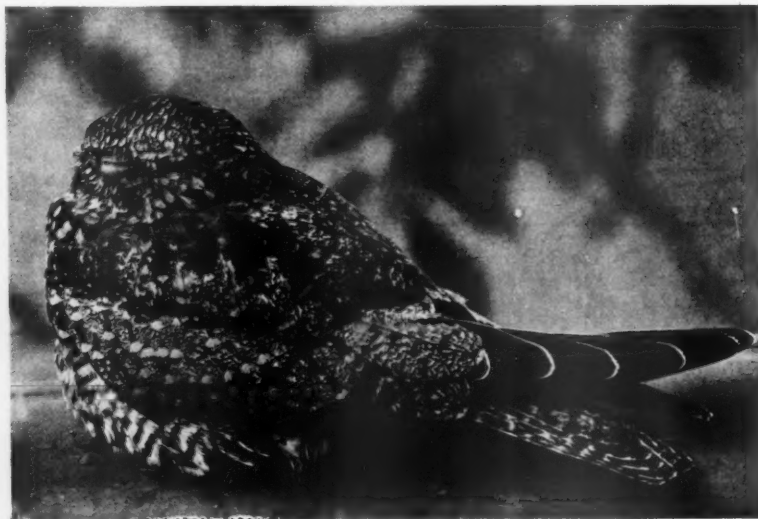


Photo and copyright by Dr. A. H. Cordier

SENNETT'S NIGHTHAWK

Courtesy of Photo-Erie

Said to be the first photograph ever made of this rare sub-species

STUDY THE BIRDS

Editorial in *Illinois State Journal*

BIG folks and little folks can add to their pleasures by careful study of the birds. Every one may become interested in it.

Naturally bird study is a hobby best followed out of doors with our feathered friends in their proper environment. Good eyesight and careful observation are necessary to gain the best results.

A pair of field or opera glasses will assist in "bringing the birds up to you." Time spent in the outdoors will be a physical aid, too, so one has both a physical and mental string to his bow while following the birds in their flight—their names, their diet, their mating, their quarrels, their colors, their nesting, and their economic value.

For something easy, learn about the robin. Note his song. Listen as he sings in the early dawn. Note the difference from that of sunset. Notice his rain song.

Observe that the robin does not hop, as one might suppose, but runs swiftly. Note his unerring dash after the worm. Note his nest building. Note how he uses his breast as a trowel to smooth the interior of his mud-plastered home. Note his rough weaving.

Introductions to the birds generally are followed by lasting friendships. Get acquainted.

WHEN THE SNOW IS DEEP

WHEN the snow is deep, our birds cannot find food. Will you not clean off a place on your window ledge, or on the ground, and there place something that you know the little fellows will eat? Do this, and it will make you happier and also keep alive the little songsters of forests and dells.

SOME "WHENS" AND AS MANY "THENS"

- WHEN You see a horse staggering under a load too heavy for him and a brutal driver strikes the faithful servant,
- THEN Note the name, address and number on side of wagon and promptly telephone the Humane Society.
- WHEN You see a stray dog or a homeless cat,
- THEN Coax the animal to shelter, give him a little food and promptly call the Humane Society.
- WHEN A neighbor habitually leaves a dog or cat without shelter in bad weather,
- THEN Write, giving name and residence of owner, to the Society.
- WHEN You see children ill treat a pet or stray,
- THEN Is your opportunity to instruct those children in humaneness.
- WHEN You hear science defend the cruelty of vivisection,
- THEN Remember that cruelty is never justifiable.
- WHEN You know from experience the necessity of anti-cruelty laws,
- THEN Remember on voting day to support the candidate pledged to humane legislation.
- WHEN You hear during the hunting season the plans and experiences of the huntsmen,
- THEN Is the time to speak for mercy for his prey!
- WHEN For some selfish reason you neglect to protect an animal in distress,
- THEN Remember this quotation: "He who is not actively kind is cruel."

NINA HALVEY

FOR HUMANE EDUCATION

A FORMER school teacher writes in response to our request, in the September issue, for replies to the question, "What Am I Doing to Prevent Cruelty to Animals?" We are glad to publish her answer:

For some years a teacher, it has been a privilege to weave through all my work with children, the principles of humane education. I have impressed upon my pupils the cruelty of hunting as a sport, of confining animals in cages as in the zoo, and of training them for the circus or vaudeville. Children respond with enthusiasm to humane teaching, realizing that man owes gratitude to his animal friends who have helped to make the world what it is, and that only a very ignorant or cruel person will withhold from them "a square deal." It is interesting to think of the influence these little ones can have with their parents, too. A father, perhaps cruel to animals, might easily be unconsciously reformed through the enthusiasm of his child on the subject of kindness to them. Were this kind of teaching continued through high school, college, in the pulpit, press, and, above all, the movies, much would be accomplished toward the fulfillment of the great need in the world today, *kindness*, especially to whatever is weaker than man, and needs his protection.

Since giving up teaching I've traveled quite a bit. Last spring in Atlantic City, during Humane Week, I was able to inspire a splendid editorial in the local paper, on the subject of "Kindness to Animals," to personally distribute hundreds of pieces of humane literature, and to obtain over three hundred subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*. I have explained to many, the splendid aim of the Jack London Club, receiving gratitude from those unaware of the atrocities committed by trainers of animals for circus and vaudeville.

At a small resort near Atlantic City I've interviewed many people, distributed literature, and have awakened the community to the need of an S. P. C. A.

The greatest cruelties here have been the weekly showing of trained animal acts, the inhumane treatment of horses kept on the beach for riding purposes, and the cruel abandoning of cats by cottagers when leaving for their city homes.

By clippings from *Our Dumb Animals* and letters to newspapers, I am doing my bit to lessen these cruelties.

HARRIET DE HART,
Ocean City, N. J.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to the American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or if other property, describe the property.)

MR. BAYNES' LECTURES

A COURSE of four lectures on "Our Animal Allies in the World War" was given recently before the Lowell Institute of Boston by Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes. After a tour of inspection of all the allied armies and a critical survey of the work done by the animals pressed into the service by the millions, Mr. Baynes secured such evidence as to warrant him in declaring that the Allies could not have won the war had it not been for animals. He showed upon the screen several hundred of the most striking pictures of animals engaged in actual warfare that have ever been presented on the lecture platform.

"When the fate of the world was at stake and thousands of men were dying there was justification in using animals to shorten the war and save the lives of men," said the lecturer in his closing words. "But since it was our war and not theirs, by their use we incurred a deep and lasting debt of gratitude to those animals which we shall never be able to pay them. Half of them are dead and the rest we shall never see. But there is one way in which we can pay it; and lasting shame to us if we do not—by greater kindness and consideration for all living animals. Let us pay our debt."

ATTRIBUTES OF WORTH

HARRIET R. GREENLAND

COURAGE enough to do right, regardless of censure or ridicule.

NERVE enough to face a jeering crowd when an animal is involved and needs protection.

CHARACTER enough to admit the fault when you know you have been cowardly.

BRAINS enough to estimate true qualifications instead of surface veneer.

PENETRATION enough not to judge people entirely by their clothes.

LOYALTY enough to love a friend in spite of his unfortunate reverses.

CHARITY of heart enough to help a fellow-creature who is down, instead of trying to keep him there.

INTELLIGENCE enough to look for right motives and not be prejudiced entirely by actions.

BROAD-MINDED enough to feel admiration but never jealousy for the one who outstrips us.

MODEST enough to stand praise without vanity.

PROUD enough to bear criticism without being discouraged.

LOVABLE enough to find goodness in others.

FORGETFUL enough to forgive an injury.

EDUCATED enough to appreciate the wonders and beauties of this earth.

SOCIABLE enough to share our pleasures with others.

WISDOM enough to advise the young and yet avoid antagonisms.

HUMANITY enough to love and respect the old and yet refrain from impatience in our attitude toward them.

Although we may not possess all these qualities, it is most certainly possible to cultivate them, thereby making of life a pleasant garden, not marred by the thistles and thorns of heartbreaks and tears, but reflecting the sweetness and glory of nature resplendent in flowers of loving kindness and charity.

THE TRUE HEART

KATHARINE MILLER GUNN

*If I should live to see the wretched day
That human aid would fail me in distress,
And men, with utter lack of friendliness
Would turn from me and look the other way,—
Then could I, even then, look up and say:
"I have ONE friend who loves me none the less."
For, ever in that hour of pain and stress
My dog, devoted, by my side would stay.*

*Let him who from his own experience knows
This love, repay with kindly thought and deed,
For once within the canine heart he sows
The seed of trust, there will that little seed
Take root in genial soil, steadfast to grow
In faithful love, until the hour of need.*

THIRTY LIVES SAVED BY COLLIE

NO less than thirty persons, who were tenants of the five-story building at No. 144 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York, owe their lives to "Fluffy," a collie dog. Early in the morning of November 7, when a fire had burned its way through the two



"FLUFFY," HERO OF NEW YORK FIRE

lower floors of the block and the heavy smoke had started to pour into the stairways and halls of the upper floors occupied by the sleeping families, Fluffy was the first to sense the danger, and with all his might and main barked an alarm that awoke his master who then joined him in arousing the sleeping inmates and summoning the firemen to the scene.

The flames shot upward through the house with such rapidity that men and women whose escape was completely cut off rushed to the windows and roof and were about to jump when the first fire apparatus arrived. Seven were overcome by smoke, some were caught in the life nets and others were carried to safety on ladders. All were rescued, more than thirty in number, and it was the furious barking of the watchful collie that brought aid in time to save them from an awful fate.

Fluffy was also among the rescued, and many a glad hand and words of praise were bestowed upon him as his part in the life-saving became known.

Fluffy belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Donaldson who lived on the third floor of the burned building, and lost all their effects. After reading accounts of the fire and its dog hero in the New York morning papers, a traveling man, widely known for his service in behalf of animals, sought out Fluffy and his master, obtained a verification of the newspaper reports, and brought to our office the photograph of Fluffy.

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See last page for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Five hundred new Bands of Mercy were reported in November. Of these 143 were in schools of Massachusetts; 90 in schools of Maine; 90 in schools of Connecticut; 60 in schools of Rhode Island; 33 in schools of Virginia; 29 in schools of Minnesota; 28 in schools of Pennsylvania; 23 in schools of Ohio; two in Washington; and one each in South Dakota and Wisconsin.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 129,744

A CATHOLIC BAND OF 1,000 MEMBERS

A RECENT letter from Sister M. Fides Shepperson of the Lady of Mercy Academy, Pittsburgh, Pa., states that she expects to add 200 new members to her Band of Mercy, which already has a membership of more than one thousand. Many of our older readers will recall the deep devotion and humane sentiment in the "Cloister Chords" series of articles which we published from the pen of Sister Shepperson, and will be pleased to learn that additional contributions from her will appear in early future issues of *Our Dumb Animals*.

HOW LONG DOES A CAT LIVE?

A FRIEND of *Our Dumb Animals*, living near Boston, tells us of the death of a pet Angora cat, at the age of nineteen and a half years. This cat was raised and always lived in the same family, so there is no doubt about the age. Next?

THE HONEY-ANT

LILLIAN TROTT

THE honey upon our tables, even when partaken of in coldest winter, reminds us of summer and fields fragrant and lovely, alive with the busiest of bees.

Besides the bee family, including bumblebees, wasps, and hornets, another community of living creatures, just as industrious and at least no larger than the manufacturers of our nectarine honey, make and store honey for the cooler season. Over the Mexican border lives and works and gives itself up for food to its family, the honey-ant.

Honey-ants excavate a hive underground. The workers are possessed of the ability, form and instinct for accumulating honey, which they pack away in an apartment of their bodies. When their middle sections are stored full and round, these honey members of this peculiar ant family are put away for winter use, when the more fortunate brothers and sisters eat them, honey and all. Human honey lovers of that country at times unearth and devour honey-ants.

A Mixed Family

MARY D. BARBER

THE wolf shall dwell with the lamb some day, the Bible tells us, but here is a story of something equally strange that has already happened—a cat nursing baby squirrels—strange, because squirrels, like rats and mice, are the natural prey of cats.

they took no interest in dainty morsels, such as a young and tender mouse or gopher which she brought for their dinner.

One night when Tigress returned to her family, one of the squirrels was missing. She searched the room in vain and finally went



MOTHER CAT WITH SINGLE KITTEN ADOPTS THREE SQUIRRELS

This remarkable cat, "Tigress," was a native of San Anselmo, California, where she had lived for ten years as a household pet in a cottage overshadowed by large bay trees in which the gray squirrels built their nests. All these years she had hunted them, but only occasionally had she caught and eaten one, for they are alert, wary creatures, whose prominent, bead-like eyes seem to see in every direction at once.

In May, 1919, Tigress was nursing her spring kitten when three baby squirrels, orphaned by the death of their mother, were saved from starvation by a boy who climbed up to their nest, brought them down and placed them in the bed with cat and kitten. Tigress instantly adopted the little strangers and from that moment caressed and nursed them with the same tender care that she bestowed upon her own kitten. She took especial pride in licking out their long, fluffy tails, probably thinking they were Angora kittens, as she was acquainted with an Angora cat that lived in the neighborhood.

The little squirrels, Tip, Tim and Spunk, enjoyed playing with "Amber," the yellow kitten, but she, being larger and stronger than they, would sometimes knock them down with a stroke of her paw and roll them over on the floor in an amiable tussle. But the squirrels were the more quick and active. When Tigress was standing they liked to play a game, jumping over her back, each following the other in rapid succession, and repeating the act over and over like a kind of hurdle race. The kitten would look on enviously till the performance was ended, waiting for some amusement in which she could join.

Later the foster-children caused poor Tigress much anxiety by their strange actions. The squirrels' nature asserted itself; they left their bed on the floor and climbed up to a high shelf beyond her reach. However, as soon as she came into the room and said, "Mew! mew!" down they came to greet her. She was much grieved and distressed because

out of the window and disappeared in the darkness. An hour later in she jumped, having found the lost baby, carrying it carefully in her mouth.

After a couple of months this happy mixed family had to be broken up, and the squirrels were given to kind friends who had known and loved them. Poor Tigress was disconsolate. She refused food, and went about for days looking everywhere for her lost babies. She seemed to have loved the little squirrels more than she had ever loved her own kittens.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE BIRDLING

LOUELLA C. POOLE

ACROSS the prairie, through the woods,
A group of horsemen rode along,
When, passing by a shady grove
Vocal with sweet bird song,

They noted, close beside their path,
A fledgling, fallen from its nest,
Half dead with fright, with fluttering wings
And palpitating breast.

On, on they rode, those horsemen gay,
But one, more grave, turned back, and he
Raised from the ground the tiny bird
And placed it in a tree.

And when, at his solicitude
His friends made pleasant jest, their ride
Thus to delay for such slight cause,
The great man thus replied:

"My friends, this only can I say—
I should tonight no sleep have found
Had I allowed that helpless thing
To perish on the ground!"

What wealth of tenderness he knew—
Our Lincoln, he who spoke the word
That freed a race, for he it was
That saved that little bird.

Join the Jack London Club and help stop the cruelty of trained animal performances.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

AT THE ZOO

HELEN M. RICHARDSON

ONE day I went to the Zoo;
 Mother thought I'd like to go;
 But I didn't seem to have
 Much enjoyment, for you know
 All the animals appeared
 To be anxious to be free;
 And it made me sorry when
 Their eyes looked right straight at me
 Just as much as if to say:
 "Why can't we be free like you?"
 No, I do not really think
 I like going to the Zoo.

I WANT MY COW

YES, a long time ago; it was in 1777 that a brave little girl and a brave English General met each other, and all about a cow! It was during the war of American Independence when Lord Cornwallis was General of the English army. An English foraging party had invaded the farm belonging to Major Rudolph and carried off a valuable cow, the especial pet of Anne Rudolph, twelve years old. When the English soldiers took the cow she implored them to spare it; then, failing to move them, she rushed to the stable, saddled her spirited pony and galloped off to the quarters of the English General, Cornwallis, hoping to reach him before her pet cow would be killed. When she reached the British lines, the guard demanded her business.

"I must see the General at once."

"But I must know your business before I can let you pass. The General must not be troubled by trifles. Where have you come from?"

"From Darby, and my business is to see the General at once; no one can tell him but myself," cried the excited child. It was late in the day and Lord Cornwallis was with a number of officers, when the child was brought to him.

He said kindly, "Well, child, I am the General. What do you want?"

"I want my cow."

There was deep silence, and then roars of laughter from the officers. The young girl's eyes flashed, but she stood firm.

"Why did your father not come?" asked the General.

She replied, "My father is from home, but General, while you keep me here they may be killing my cow."

"And where are your brothers?" asked the General.

"The eldest is with General Gates, the second is with Harry Lee," she replied, "and my father is with General Washington."

"So, do, then I think you are a little rebel," said the General.

"Yes, sir, but—I want my cow."

Lord Cornwallis was a noble gentleman. He said: "You are a brave child, you shall have your cow, and something more." Then, stooping, he detached one of his diamond shoe buckles, and gave it to her, saying, "Keep this and remember Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel."

So Anne obtained her cow, and her descendants still treasure the gift of Lord Cornwallis to her.



BEPO, WATER CARRIER

DOROTHY CATHRYN RETSLOFF

BEPO is a water carrier, thirteen years old. He lives in Ecuador, far away from the wonderful schools of the United States, yet he knows many things that the boys of this country do not know.

Bepo's best friend is his small brown horse, "Carlos." They were born the same year and have always been fond of each other. Carlos never has had a steel bit in his mouth. Bepo uses a rope bridle. It does not hurt his horse. Wire and steel bits often harden the mouths of horses. Bepo grooms Carlos every morning, rubbing him with a stiff brush made from the fiber of palm leaves. He never speaks loudly nor crossly to his dumb friend. He knows that the hearing of horses is very acute. One cross word will increase the pulse of a nervous horse ten beats in a minute. When he was a very little boy, he learned that Carlos had a very sensitive nose, and he has since found out that all horses' most sensitive organ is the nose. It is more sensitive than human lips.

So this little, dark-skinned water carrier, in far-away Ecuador, will not allow anything to strike Carlos on the nose. He is careful to have the food his horse eats fresh and clean. He does not tie him in a stall at night, but leaves him free in a barn with a palm-thatched roof.

Bepo and Carlos carry water from a spring at the foot of a hill down to the village. They make ten round trips daily, averaging twelve miles' travel from sun to sun. One of the most attractive pictures to the Americans visiting that little village of Ecuador is Bepo in his white cotton clothing and his well-groomed, brown horse.

Will you promise to try to do more kind acts in 1921 than you did in 1920?

FUR AND THE STEEL TRAP

(Continued from page 119)

"I think it is cowardly to secure animals by the steel trap," wrote a Chicago teacher.

Said a country woman of humble means, "The wearing of fur seems to me so like flaunting wealth." The suffering of animals seemed to her but secondary to the extravagance.

"Oh, but furs are so soft and comfortable," laughed a city woman, half apologetically, snuggling down into her "comfortable" coat, as I wondered just how comfortable were the furry creatures clamped with the clutch of steel, the prayer of agony in their eyes.

"Oh, my furs were killed so long ago," smilingly remarked a young woman with a complacent air, as if by this fact she were completely exonerated from all responsibility.

"I'd give up wearing furs if everybody else would," exclaimed a young girl who "just loves" animals.

She was not alone in this attitude, for I have met others who if "no fur" were the popular fad would be among the very first to advocate and follow it.

"I've just bought a new fur coat, so of course I must wear it out," remarked a city saleswoman with a relieved air.

"City women don't understand about the trapping, besides they are so busy with their clubs and social functions that there is really no time to think of these things," wrote a society woman of Cleveland.

As to this, I would say that on other subjects women do not enjoy admitting ignorance, but on this subject they are very quick to resort to the plea of ignorance. They could know if they wanted to. Truly, sometimes it is easier not to think.

A prominent club woman of a large city wrote me: "No woman would be willing to cause suffering even of an animal, if she really stopped to think."

Yet her letter closed with this statement: "There are plenty of animals which must be killed to furnish furs for us; therefore women are justified in wearing them."

This "economic" excuse is a favorite one. One would think that women were wearing furs for the express purpose of ridding the world of troublesome pests and undesirable animal population.

"Oh, but the animals must be killed."

"The animals must be thinned out."

"The farms would be complete failures if there were too many foxes, rabbits and skunks."

These are but a few of such excuses. They ignore the fact that it is not so much the destruction of the animals that is deplored, but the fiendish methods employed in the use of the diabolical steel traps.

"It's too bad that the poor little animals can't be killed in some *nicer* way," remarked a soft-voiced Southern woman.

A teacher of wide experience admitted that trapping is "awful," but stoutly and illogically affirmed, "Yes, I cannot see but that it is perfectly right for women to wear furs."

"Humane sentiment should be aroused," said one.

But I rejoice that I have also found the woman who, while loving with a soft, caressing touch, the shining beauty of the supple fur, yet, in her own words, "loves the living animal more," and sacrifices her personal adornment for that greater reason of mercy, which is

enjoined upon all by the Creator of all life and love and joy. Yes, I have found her, not one who is indifferent to beautiful clothes, but who dresses charmingly, yet refuses to wear that which has been secured by the indescribable torture of the steel trap. Would there were more of such!

Lack of space forbids giving this symposium entire. I come out of these interviews often sick at heart, but not hopeless.

Women will evade, dodge and quibble, always with an apologetic laugh.

The hand of the law can put the steel trap out of business. Yet it is but by public sentiment, of which women are largely the creators, in this matter, that laws can be formed.

I shudder at the thought of a neighbor who secured her own furs, having gone out early one morning with a gun. Yet was it as repulsive and cruel an act as that of the woman who by purchasing trapped furs has, in effect, said to the trapper, to the young boy: "I cannot do this act of butchery. My physical nature recoils from seeing the piteous, worn face of the animal. I have not the nerve to wield the axe or club to end the tragedy. Do it for me and you shall be paid."

I confess with shame that it was long ere I could deliberately think or write upon the subject of the steel trap and its horrors. I shrank from it. But, born of my own mental torture at the physical torture of these defenseless creatures, I have "entered the lists," and shall fight to the finish for the abolition of the steel trap. I cannot go to the trapping grounds and with tender hands release the mangled forms of these dumb creatures as they are clutched in the trap which has so subtly delayed their unwary feet; but with voice and pen in home and school, yes, even in the church, I shall plead their cause, for if the gospel means "good news" to the human, should it not also mean "good news" to the dumb?

The steel trap. Wide as the world is, it must have no room for this instrument of pain. The "white dawn that lifts the skies and pushes the hills apart" must cease to look down upon such shuddering scenes as I have heard from the trapper's lips.

The cruel steel trap must go. How soon? Women, my sisters, the answer is up to you.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

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